

The People's Press.**L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
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Select Miscellany.**LOVE ON A LOG.***"Miss Becky Newton."**"Well, sir."**"Will you marry me?"**"No, I won't."**"Very well; then don't, that's all."*

Mr. Fred Eckerson drew away his chair, and putting his feet up on the piazza, unfolded a newspaper. Miss Becky Newton bit her lip and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the last of it. She had felt this proposal coming for nearly a month, but she had intended to refuse him, but it was to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm notwithstanding his earnest entreaties.

She was to have told him that though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend. She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knelt writhing in an agony of supplication at her feet. But instead he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the telegraph reports.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young, good-looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defense." Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"Before long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will grow old, and—

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you—"

"Not if you were the King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying she passed to the house and slammed the door behind her.

"She was never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket. I was a fool to goad her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her, he exclaimed, aloud. "By Heaven, I'll have her, cost what it may!"

Very different was the Fred Eckerson of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerson of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved, with such calm and imperious exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no immediate idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusual aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip by unimproved.

But she is human nature! If Fred really was so indifferent to Fred Eckerson, why did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean, pillow-shams by crying herself into hysterics on the bed? It was not all wrath, not all vexation, it was not all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much like remorse. She was not very sure she would not some day be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she could be very happy as Fred Eckerson's wife after all.

"But then," she cried, growing hot with the recollection, "I never could live with such a man—never!"

When Fred Eckerson had walked off some of his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at the time nearly at the height of its annual "spring rise." Its turbid waters rushing toward the sea, nearly filled its banks, and in many places had broken through the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A crevassine of this description had been made in the feather bank, nearly opposite the house, and the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, not laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream bore upon

its coffee-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees which overhung the stream.

Now it happened that by a curious coincidence, Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house. Throwing herself upon the grass, and lulled by the babbling of the rapid flood beneath her, she soon fell fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last thing she would have done, for although it was very pleasant dropping asleep there in the shade, with the soft sunlight filtering through the leaves overhead, the awakening was not all at her mind. A terrible noise made chaos of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath her, the tall cottonwood toppled and fell; and Miss Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more, somebody's arm was around her, and she felt herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though precisely where, she was as yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Eckerson's whiskers nearly brushing her face.

*"Well!"**"Well!"**"Where am I?"* asked Becky, shivering and looking around her.

"In the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can carry you."

"How came you here?"

"In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact you and I and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or the perilous position but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

*"How long were you there before this happened?"**"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."**"You had no right to be there,"* she said, coloring—"a spy upon my movements."*"Nonsense!"* he replied. "You intruded on my privacy, and while you slept I watched over you, like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."*"Thank you for the service, I'm sure,"* she said, bridging.*"You snored awfully."**"Mr. Eckerson, remove your arm from my waist."**"Then put yours around my neck."**"Indeed! I will do no such thing."**"You will fall into the river if you do not."*

Becky was silent for several moments, while their unwieldy craft whirled along the current, rolling from side to side and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she said—

"What are we to do?"

"I think now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied.

"To New Orleans!" exclaimed Becky.*"It is a hundred miles."*

"Yes, and the chance for a free passage for such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore if you prefer."

She burst into tears.

"You are cruel," she said, "to treat me so."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Fred, drawing her closer to him, quickly,—"cruel to you."

There was no help for it, and she again relapsed into silence, quite content apparently, to remain in Fred's arms, and evincing now no disposition to rebel. For once in her life she was dependent on a man.

"I want to go to New Orleans," continued Fred, and after a pause, "because there is a young lady of my acquaintance residing there; whom I have an intention of inviting into this neighborhood."

"O!"

"If we don't go to New Orleans, and if we get out of this scrape, I shall write for her to come away."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her at St. Jean, which will be convenient for me as long as I remain your father's guest. I can ride over after breakfast every morning, you see."

"She is an intimate friend, then," said Becky.*"I expect to marry her before long,"* he replied.*"Marry her! Why you—you proposed to me this morning."**"Yes, but you refused me. I told you then you would never have another chance."*

Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water, and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so cool and unconsciously in a situation of such extreme peril, was one of no ordinary courage. But she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dreams. Her dress was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how much she loved Fred Eckerson. Besides she did not half believe him.

The clumsy vessel floated on, now roots first, now sideways, and now half-submerged beneath the boiling current. Their precarious hold became more chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the other shore. The cottonwood remained a coarse necklace in the wake of the steamer,

too far from shorebank to render their voices of much avail. As it grew darker their situation grew more and more hopeless, and to Lester there seemed to be no escape from death, either by drowning in the darkness or by exhaustion before daybreak.

"To die in this man's arms seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think that death must come of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible she loved him, and must needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart. Had she loved all along?" While she was thinking about it, chilled by the night air, she fell asleep. When she awoke the stars were out, but she felt warm and comfortable. Raising her head she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat.

*"Fred!"**"Well!"**"You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing."**"No, I ain't. I took it off because it was cold."**"Shall we be saved?"**"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."*

Becky did this time as she was bidden. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but she laid her head upon his breast, without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness Fred did not know that she imprinted a kiss upon his shirt bosom.

"Hold fast now!" he cried. "Hold on for your dear life!"

The log had been gradually nearing the shore for some time, and it now shot suddenly under a large sycamore which overhung the bank and trailed its branches in the brown flood. Quick as thought, Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked; it ploughed heavily and partly turned over, its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific crackling of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch dragging his clinging burden with him. In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travelers were very nearly precipitated into the stream again. Fred, half supporting, half dragging Becky worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastics that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more both had reached the ground in safety.

"That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath.*"Now where are we?"*

He looked about. A light was glimmering from behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house. It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter who was not lacking in hospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the chearing influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

"Fred!" she said.*"Yes."**"You have saved my life, have you not?"**"Happy to do it any day,"* he said, not knowing exactly what else to say.*"I thank you very much."**"Quite welcome, I am sure."*

There was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoof upon the road. Fred himself did not appear particularly communicative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either.

"Fred!" she said.*"Yes."**"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"**"I suppose so."**"Haven't you—better—try again—before you write?"*

He turned his eyes full upon her, and opening them wide.

*"Try again? Try what?"**"I've been thinking through the night,"* said Becky, bending low to hide her face and carefully separating the fringe of her mantilla, "that—perhaps—if you asked me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer it differently."

Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder and her face became immediately lost to view.

"You darling!" he exclaimed. "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when, say I, last did you change your mind?"*"I have never changed it,"* she murmured. "I have loved you all the time, but never knew it until last night."

And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerson is asked where it was that she fell in love with her husband, she answers, "On a log."

*"Cotton Takins.—The Southern cotton**"laborers of 1865 are to be paid."*

Congress did pass the bill and make the appropriation, notwithstanding the statements to the contrary, and a circular has been sent out from the census office to all persons interested, setting forth that "Congress, by an act approved March 3d, 1865, has authorized the payment, without proof of loyalty, of claims for compensation on account of services or the census of 1860" one giving instructions concerning the procedure of making out the claim for the amount due.

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too far from shorebank to render their voices of much avail.

As it grew darker their situation grew

more and more hopeless, and they were

nearer and nearer to the jaws of death.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.—We had the rare pleasure of examining one of the finest beds of Hyacinths in full bloom, a few days since in the garden of the Salem Hotel. It was indeed a treat to view such a mass of elegant colors, embracing pink, blue, purple, and a light buff, four colors, all on separate beds, but adjacent, making the air resolute with their exquisite perfume. Several other varieties of Spring flowers flourish in these well kept flower beds.

Floriculture is becoming more and more general; and as we grow into a city, there will be an opening for profitable cultivation. Indeed we do not know why a seed garden could not be made profitable.—Northern Seedsmen grow rich with this pleasant occupation, and why could it not be done here as well, and have well acclimated seeds. This industry should include the vegetable seeds, and might be made highly remunerative. We want well directed industries, and would rather have small beginnings and gradual growth than an inflation with gas enough to burst things."

We know that the ordinary garden seeds can be grown here with profit, as we have seen it tried on a small scale. By careful selection, of fully matured plants, excellent seeds were produced, which at one time were much sought after in this place.

WARM WEATHER.—Last Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and up to this writing, Tuesday morning, the weather has been unusually warm. Indeed we have had but few of the mild Spring days, Summer having apparently come upon us at once. Cool days and nights and mornings may, however, be looked for before the heated term fully sets in. All nature is now bursting forth into foliage and blossom, and the forest trees are fast mantling themselves in their robes of delicate green.

The gardens are commencing to produce the early Lettuce, and the luscious Asparagus are beginning to peep from their bed.

HON. KEMP P. BATTLE'S LECTURE.—On Thursday evening last, was a rich literary treat. In the outset, the distinguished speaker remarked that he would embrace a variety of topics in his discourse, all however bearing directly or indirectly upon the subject chosen: "Observations in the history and prospects of Forsyth County and its neighbors."

Mr. Battle gave a running sketch, beginning with the origin and meaning of the word Salem, and in this connection gave a brief and comprehensive history of the ancient and modern *Unitas Fratrum* or United Brethren's church, more generally known as Moravians, alluding to their sufferings through cruel persecutions, and connecting brief sketches of some of their distinguished members, prominent among which was John Huss, the martyr. Of the renewed church, allusions were made to Zinzendorf, and some of the former principal members of the church at this place, making honorable mention of Rev. Lewis DeSchweinitz, as contributing valuable additions to science in his Botanical researches, &c. &c.

The origin of the name of Winston, and of the counties of Stokes, Surry, Yadkin, Davie, Davidson, Guilford, Rockingham, Chatham, Wake, and others, were also given, with sketches of the persons and localities after which they were named, displaying a fund of historical knowledge, seldom met with in our day and generation.

Mr. Battle is a pleasant speaker, full of quiet humor, often breaking forth in real mirth-provoking fun. It was an agreeable surprise to many of the audience, to find so much familiarity with our denominational traditions exhibited by one who visited us for the first time. The lecturer made a favorable impression in this community, and we can assure him that his "kind words" for us as a people, are highly appreciated.

HOLY WEEK.—On Sunday last, (Palm Sunday,) the services in the Moravian church were peculiarly solemn and interesting.

In the afternoon the rite of Baptism was administered to 2 adults, and 29 confirmed their baptismal covenant, in the presence of a large congregation. Rev. Mr. Oester conducted the services in a very touching and appropriate manner.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, the usual readings of the "History of the last days of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," were commenced, Rev. Mr. DeSchweinitz conducting the services. The music was excellent, and the "Hosannah" was rendered in a highly spirited manner.

These readings were observed every evening, and will occur again this afternoon. Communion-service to-night.

To-morrow, (Good Friday) there will be service in the church in the morning, afternoon and evening.

On Saturday service at 2 o'clock, P. M. On Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, the Easter Morning Litany, peculiar to the Moravian church, will be prayed on the grave-yard. The procession will be formed in front of the church, and proceed through the beautiful Cedar Avenue, to the resting place of the departed.

The following sketch, which we clip on an exchange is to the point:

Palm Sunday and Holy Week.—Palm Sunday, so called in commemoration of the last entrance of the Saviour into the city of Jerusalem, just before his crucifixion, when, as recorded in the gospels, "a very great multitude, spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them their way." This Sunday marks the commencement of Passion Week, or Holy Week, the last week in the Great Lenten fast, which is specially designed for the holy contemplation of the Saviour's Divine mission—the sufferings endured by Him man's stead. With Palm Sunday, the church, according to the ancient ritual,

commences the recital, for the edification of her children, of the various Gospel records of the closing scenes in the earthly life of the Redeemer. Indeed all the Scripture Lessons, as well as the Epistles and Gospels appointed for this week refer expressly to this one theme. "Holy Week," or the "Great Week," as it was sometimes called, has for its observance the sanction of the Church in all lands. It is observed in the Oriental, as well as the Western branches of the Ancient Church, with acts of extraordinary solemnity and devotion. The chief incidents of the week are the institution of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and the Crucifixion of the Saviour. The former event is commemorated on Thursday of this week, which is called "Maunday Thursday," in allusion to the "mandate" which on this day was given by Christ to His disciples, that they should love one another; and also the mandate, "This do in remembrance of Me." The events commemorated on the following day (Friday) commonly called "Good Friday" are too well known to be particularized here. Among those who keep this appointed season of special meditation upon the great mediatorial work of Christ it is usual to engage in rigid self-examinations, and to devote the week to extraordinary acts of penitence and devotion.

BACON AND GREENS.—Bacon and Greens are now in season. It is a time-honored and wholesome dish, which will bear repetition, with the slight variation of "Bacon and Greens,—Greens and Bacon."

T. R. PURNELL., Esq., State Librarian and Assistant Editor of the *State Agricultural Journal*, late of Salem, but now a resident of Raleigh, paid us a short visit this week. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Purnell's prospects in Raleigh are fair, and we have no doubt he will fill the position he now occupies acceptably.

Mr. Purnell returned to Raleigh, Tuesday, but will be here again during our next court week.

MAD DOGS.—We still bear mention made of mad dogs. Last week Dr. Bynum's dog ran mad and was killed.

John Masten, Esq., of this county, informed us that he killed his dog, having had very suspicious symptoms of hydrocephalus.

MR. STROUE.—For years an inmate of the County Poor-House, died last week.

Wm. A. Bolejack, of this county, we learn, has disposed of 67 acres of land, known as the Lime Kiln, to the Friendship Mining Company, for \$3,000.

YADKIN COUNTY.—At the recent term of Yadkin Superior Court, Judge Cloud felt in duty bound to call the attention of the Grand Jury to the increase of crime and general demoralization in that county. Eighteen persons were in jail, and some twenty persons were presented for habitual drunkenness.

Brown's Ware-House sign, at Hall's Ferry, on the Yadkin river, is a hot thing, and does credit to the artist, Capt. R. Dan Moseley.

Brown & Bro., the enterprising Tobacconists of Mocksville, are boring an artisan well, and intend introducing steam, with improved machinery, into their new factory. They expect to work one million pounds of the weed, and will make Winston one of their principal points of purchase.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Coroner has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of a sad accident, which befel Charles Sides, aged about 14 years, son of Eli Sides, colored, on Monday last.

Charles was employed on Mr. A. N. Reich's brick-yard, together with two of his brothers. The boys were frequently charged to be very careful and not expose themselves to the dangers of the machinery; but it seems Charles' curiosity was excited, and he climbed up to look into the mill grinding the clay, when his head was caught between an iron crank and post, and horribly mangled. He only survived some five or six hours after the accident happened.

Charles must have discovered his situation too late, as he was heard to cry out "whoa" and stopped the horse, which attracted the attention of the other hands in time to see the unfortunate lad fall from the dangerous position he had occupied.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT.—On Monday the Board of County Commissioners levied a county tax of 40 cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of Real and Personal property, and 95 cents on each taxable poll, for the year 1872.

The Board also granted license to S. Byerly to retail spirituous liquors for the next twelve months.

A Card.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America, as missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Disease of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy.

Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the receipt for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it. Free of Charge.

To the Suffering.

The Rev. William H. Norton, while residing in Brazil as a Missionary, discovered in that land of medicines a remedy for Consumption, SCROFULA, SORE THROAT, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, and NERVOUS WEAKNESS. This remedy has cured myself after all other remedies had failed.

Wishing to benefit the suffering, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this remedy to all who desire it. FREE OF CHARGE.

Please send an envelope with your name and address on it. Address

Rev. WILLIAM H. NORTON,
676 BROADWAY
New York City

commences the recital, for the edification of her children, of the various Gospel records of the closing scenes in the earthly life of the Redeemer. Indeed all the Scripture Lessons, as well as the Epistles and Gospels appointed for this week refer expressly to this one theme. "Holy Week," or the "Great Week," as it was sometimes called, has for its observance the sanction of the Church in all lands. It is observed in the Oriental, as well as the Western branches of the Ancient Church, with acts of extraordinary solemnity and devotion.

MARRIED.
In Whitehouse, Indiana, on the 2nd ult., by Rev. J. C. Camplin, Mr. JOHN SWAMEE to Miss MARY PAGE.

DIED.
In this place on Saturday evening last, of consumption, Miss Isabella FARNHAM, daughter of H. M. Lash, aged 26 years 7 months and 2 days.

In this county, on Saturday last, of erysipelas, John SWAMI, son of Wm. Swami.

In this place on Monday evening last, infant child of Mr. Julius Lineback.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Womack & Co.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.

Corn,	10s	10s	Salt Liverpool	2 30
Wheat,	10s	10s	America	2 25
Mol.	2 s	2 s	Candies adu.	20
Chop.	12	12	Oils Linseed, 100 lbs.	60
Bacon,	12	12	Kerosene	50
Fork,	10	10	Sheepings, Price	1 18
Lard,	11	12	" "	1 12
Eggs,	10	10	Iron, Plates per bushel	1 60
Molasses,	28	28	Iron, 5 lbs.	8
Cheese Fac.	18	25	Nails,	8
" Mount.	12	15	Barrel green, Dry	8
Briner.	10	10	" "	12
Apples, green,	75	80	Brewax	28
" dried,	3	4	Clover Seed,	12
Potatoes, raw,	60	60	Horse Flax, Fresh	8 50
" dried,	22	20	" "	10 00
Coffee,	11	15	Long leaf pine,	4 50
Sugar,	16	18	" "	40 00
Rags,	3	4	Hay, per cwt.	50

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

REPORTED BY WINSTON TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.

NEW TOBACCO.	
PRIMINGS—Common to good, none coming in.	
LUOS—Common;	4 50 to 5 00
" Medium,	5 00 to 5 50
LUOS—Common;	6 00 to 6 50
" Medium,	7 00 to 9 00
BRIGHT Smokers—Common,	5 25 to 13 00
" Fancy,	9 50 to 13 00
WAPPERS—Common,	7 50 to 8 25
" Good to Fine,	9 00 to 17 00
" Fancy,	20 00 to 40 00
Receipts for the past week were good, and prices continue to give satisfaction to the farmers for the grades offering.	

DANVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

DANVILLE, Va. April 1, 1873.

LUOS—Very Common,	\$5.30 to 6.00
" Good,	7 00 to 8 50
" Common Bright,	8 00 to 10 00
" Fancy Smokers,	15 00 to 18 00
LEAV—Common Red,	7 00 to 9 00
" Good,	9 00 to 11 00
" Common Bright,	12 00 to 15 00
" Good Bright,	25 00 to 40 00
" Fancy Wrappers,	30 00 to 70 00
And some extra lots higher.	

New York, April 1—Cotton 10 to 20

Flour, \$6.00 to \$6.60; Corn, 65 to 85

Wheat, 1 45 to 1 60; Oil, 9 00 to 11 00; Bonds, N. C. 80, 90, 100, new 90, old 80.

On Friday gold was east at 18.

Money fair at 4 to 4 1/2 cent.

Battinville, April 8—Cotton 18 to 20

Flour, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Corn 95 to \$100; Oats, 72

80; Rye, \$1.25; Wheat, \$1.50; Lard, 12 to 15

Whisky, \$2.25; \$2.75; Brandy, \$1.50; Salt, \$1.65

to \$2.00.

Petersburg, April 8—Flour, 7 50 to 8 25

Wheat, red \$1.00 to \$2.00, white, \$0.00 to \$2.00; Corn, 70 to 72; Bacon, hog round 12 to 12 1/2

Whisky, \$0.00 Apple Brandy \$2.00.

Richmond, April 8—Wheat, \$1.75 to 1.50

Corn 72 to 80; Oats 52 to 60; Flour, superfine 7 to 8 50.

HOME SHUTTLE.



SEWING MACHINE.

Is the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Agents Wanted. Send for Circular. Address: "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE CO., N. Y.

[Established 1830.]

WELCH & GRIFFITHS,

Manufacturers of Saws

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Poetry.

The Comical Cobbler.

A wagtail cobbler, once in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose—
The way to make in one short day
A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarry to the sight
There ran a thousand fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemens,
All jolly leather-sellers—
And cobbler's wax and hide;
Each fellow prides his thirty pesos,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! the cobbler enters,
And casts around his eyes;
Then curls his lips, the rogue, then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise:
"My friends," he says, "tis simple quire,
The plan that I propose—
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose."

"A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So eat it, none can fail;
Let him be child or man;
To make a hundred pair of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pair of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

Humorous.

How Married Men Saw on Buttons.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some else for this service, and, fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scolds her right hand or rubs a silver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye; but in spite of a great deal of patient jobbing, the needle-point persists in balking against the solid parts of that button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye, in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually, losing his philosophy as the search becomes and more hopeless, he fails to jobbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business—a changed man.—*Danbury News.*

An honest old Pennsylvania farmer had a tree on his premises he wanted to cut down, but being weak in the back, and having a dull ax, he hit upon the following plan: Knowing the passion among his neighbors for coon-hunting he made a coon's foot out of a potato, and proceeded to imprint numerous tracks to and up the tree. When all was ready, he informed his neighbors that the tree must be filled with coons, pointing to the external evidence made with his potato foot. The bait took, and in a short time half a dozen follows, with sharp axes, were chopping at the base of the tree, each taking their regular turn. The party also brought dogs and shot-guns, and were in ecstasies over the anticipated haul of fat coons. The tree finally fell, but nary coon was seen to "drop."

DUTCH HUMOR.—A German in a western town who has not paid much attention to learning English had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows:

"Yon nite, do oder day, wen I was bin awake in my sheepe, I hear sometings vat I tinks was not yust right in my barn, an I out shump to bed and run mit the barn out; an ven I was deere coom I seeze dat my pig gray iron mare he was beed tuo loose and run mit the staple off; and effer who vil him back bring I just so much pay him as vas bin kustomary."

A lady traveling on the Macon and Western Railroad some time since, got into a jowler with Hartie, the conductor. "This company," said she, "will never get another cent of my money as long as I live." "How will you prevent?" falling placidly into the trap. "Why, I'll pay it to you," rejoined the lady, "and then I'm sure they won't get it."

That was a good, though rather severe pun, which was made by a student in a theological seminary [and he was not one of the brightest of the class, either] when he asked: "Why is Prof. I—the greatest revivalist of the age? and on all giving it up said, because at the close of every sermon there is a great awakening."

"Hello, my little man," said a gentleman from a window in the second story of a mansion, to a little rascal passing by, who was gazing up with apparent wonder. "I guess you think there is a little up here, don't you bub?" "Well, yes, sir, I should, if I hadn't seen the devil stick his head out of the window."

A gentleman having presented his church with the Ten Commandments, it was wittily said that he gave them away because he could not keep them.

Agricultural.

WHY SAM SIMPSON SOLD OUT.

The following account of the causes which led to the emigration of one of the guerrillas of American agriculture are instructive. We hope and believe that the picture here graphically put into words will not be recognized by any reader of the *Press*, all of whom we are willing to assure are too sensible to "sell out" for similar reasons.

My neighbor, Sam Simpson, has sold out and is going West. There has been a plain, honest, industrious, economical German—Hans Leibenstein—hanging around Simpson for some time, trying to purchase his farm. At last Hans got it. Simpson thinks he sold it at a bargain. Doubtless Hans thinks he got it a bargain. I had an偶然 down to Simpson's the other night. I had not heard that he had sold his farm; but upon my entrance into the house, that same unusual excitement was animating them.

"Well, Crumple, you are going to lose me for a neighbor," were Simpson's first words after I had got settled in the split-bottomed chair his daughter Sally handed me; and the whole Simpson family looked at me as if they expected I would jump out of that chair on account of the news, with a suddenness and force only equalled by an explosion of nitro-glycerine under me, but I didn't. I simply asked, "How's the farm?" "To whom?" "Hans." That was the whole story. I didn't need any further explanation; but Simpson proceeded to say:

"You see the old farm is completely run out. I can't make the two ends meet the best of years. I've got tired tumbling around among the stones, and I'm going where there's some virgin soil that will produce something. So I struck up a trade with Hans. He has been after it, or, and on, for a year or more. I wanted \$40 per acre for the old place. He offered me \$25. Finally, he told me I \$30; and after considering the subject, I told him I would take it, he would pay me cash down. Hadn't any idea he would do it; but he said if I would throw in the stock and farm implements he thought he could raise the money. I finally told him I would, and what do you think, sir? He had cut out of his greasy old pant's pocket a \$100 bill and handed it to me to bind the bargain, and said as soon as the papers were received he'd pay me the balance, which he has done to-day. I feel kind of sorry to part with the old place; but the thing is done and there's an end on't. What d'ye think?"

All this time my Crumple nature had been rising within me like an inspiration. Here was this man Simpson who inherited this farm—one of the finest in the neighborhood—who had skinned it without scruple until it would scarcely raise white beans under his system of treatment. And he had got to leave, or mortgage the farm of his ancestors to live on.

Then here was Hans, who came into the neighborhood with his frau five years before, with only his wife's strong and willing hands, economy and industry. They had rented a worn-out farm which they had finally purchased and paid for, and had saved \$3,000, with which to pay for Simpson's 100 acres. So in answer to "What d'ye think?" I was ready to respond; and did it in this wise:

"What do I think? I'm glad you're going, neighbor Simpson! I'm glad Hans has got the farm. He deserves it, you don't. He has got brains and industry; you haven't got either. Under your management the farm is a disgrace to the neighborhood; Hans will make it a credit. Your farm lying next to mine depreciates the value of mine 20 per cent. I shall be the richer for your going and the poorer for your staying. I am glad you're going."

You should have seen Simpson and his family's faces. They grew cloudy and brown. Indeed, I believe they began to scowl at me. Simpson said:

"You're pretty rough on an old neighbor, Crumple, now that he's going. I thought you and I had always been friends. I've tried to be a good and accommodating neighbor. You've been a good one to me, and I'm sorry to leave you; but if you're glad I'm going, I'm not sorry either."

"Simpson," I said, "let us understand each other. As a neighbor, so far as neighborhood intercourse is concerned, I've no fault to find, and am sorry you are going. In talking about you as a farmer, you are and always have been a poor one. No man with such a farm as yours ought to want to sell—at least, there ought to be no necessity for selling. But you are not a farmer. You haven't got a single quality essential to make a good farmer. In the first place, you don't the business; you don't take any pride or interest in it; you don't care whether your land improves under cultivation or not; you want to get all off it you can without taking the trouble to pay anything back; you skin it year after year, and cry out against the seasons; you denounce every man you deal with as a sharper or swindler, because you do not get the prices for your products other people do, and yet you do not seem to know that the reason is that your products are poor in quality, and put on the market in miserable shape; your stock has been running down ever since your father died; you haven't built a new fence, and scarcely repaired an old one; your manure has not been hauled out and judiciously used on the farm; your pigs have bothered your neighbors more trouble than they have benefited you; your cattle have become brachy, and I have had to shut them up in my stable in order to keep them out of my grain; you have distributed from your fence corners more weed seeds than any farmer I know of, and thus given your tidy neighbors more trouble than your favors to them would compensate. In short, it is time for you to move. You ought to have a virgin farm! It will take you but a few years to strip it of its fertility; then you'll have to move again, and keep moving. You belong to a very large class of farmers who are a curse to any country. The fact is you are not, never was, and never will be a farmer in the right sense of the word. You are only grierilla. You live by robbery—robbery of the soil. And it is not right, neighbor Simpson. You had better seek some other vocation now that you've got the cash to start with. You like horses; you know horses; you can talk horses from daylight till dark; you can't be fooled with horses; you had better go into some smart town and start a livery stable. You'll make money at it; you'll never make money farming; you'll grow poorer and poorer the longer you attempt it."

Just then Sally Simpson clapped her hands and said: "That's so, father! Haven't I told you so? Mother and I have often talked it over, Mr. Crumple, and you are just as right as can be; and father knows it too if he would only say so."

know you too well (and you've done us too many kindnesses for us ever to forget them) to believe that you have talked to father in the way you have out of any unkind feeling. It is true, every word of it, father and you ought to thank neighbor Crumple for talking just as he thinks; I do; and I don't think a bit less of him either." N. Y. Tribune.

NO HUMBUG ABOUT IT!

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